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FROM

Estate of Miss Mary W. Tucker









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THE

BAY STATE EXCURSION

OF

1871,

A RECORD AND SOUVENIR

OF

Eight Days' Pleasure

ON

THE EASTERN COAST.

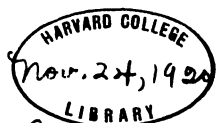
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1871.

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Estate of
Miss Mary W. Tucker

RIVERSIDE, CAMBRIDGE:

PRINTED BY H. O. HOUGHTON AND COMPANY.

To

MR. GEORGE R. PECKHAM,

AS A SLIGHT ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF THE FIDELITY WITH WHICH HE DISCHARGED

THE ARDUOUS DUTIES OF

MANAGER,

AND A RECOGNITION OF HIS UPRIGHT CHARACTER, AS THAT OF A

TRUE CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN,

THE COMMITTEE TAKE PLEASURE IN DEDICATING

This Little Brochure.



PREFACE.

NO matter how many defects this little volume may possess, its mission will be accomplished if, when the eye of any of those who were participants in the vacation pleasures narrated in its pages discovers it among the rubbish of future years, it shall serve to turn back the leaf of recollection to the hours of delight on sea and land, and the cordial acquaintances which characterized the voyage. Those early August days cannot soon be forgotten. Although they were memorable for no great event, yet many little incidents of a pleasing nature, both in the social intercourse of man with man, and the silent communion of man with God, by the sea-shore or upon the mountain top, will serve to mark them upon the calendar of memory with the brightest and most enduring gems. The scenes of quiet beauty which every indentation of our New England sea-coast presents to the eye, together with the beautiful emerald shores and evergreen woods of Maine, the bold granite summits of picturesque Mount Desert, and the warm hospitalities of our kinsmen under the cross of St. George, will not soon fade from remembrance.

If in the preparation of this little narrative some beautiful scene or pleasing incident has been omitted,

the only reply shall be, that where one is surrounded by landscapes which delight every outward sense, where the ear is charmed by the gentle surf music from the pebbly beach, and the very air is laden with the invigorating fragrance of forest and flower, is it strange that one fails to sip the ambrosia from every floral cup, or gather the sweet honey which clings to the petals of every modest wild-wood flower?

To one and all the members of the Bay State Excursion of 1871 we trust the incidents of the trip have served to increase their interest in the sublime works of nature; to quicken their study of the great, underlying thought of the texts which are written in the delicate pencilings of the humblest roadside flower, as well as on the jagged granite of the rugged mountain peak, and to deepen in every heart that love for the true, the beautiful, and the good, that attunes the soul in rhythmic harmony with the true grandeur of life.



Officers of Steamer "New Brunswick."

CAPTAIN,
SIMON H. PIKE, LUBEC, ME.

PILOT,
LEONARD S. GRANT, ROCKLAND, ME.

SECOND PILOT,
JOHN THOMPSON EASTPORT, ME.

FIRST MATE,
JAMES THOMPSON, EASTPORT, ME.

SECOND MATE,
FRANK MABEE, EASTPORT, ME.

CHIEF ENGINEER,
THOMAS MERRILL, CHELSEA.

SECOND ENGINEER,
JAMES N. MERRITT, PORTLAND, ME.

STEWARD,
OSCAR ANDREWS, PORTLAND, ME.

Officers of the Excursion.

MANAGER,
GEORGE R. PECKHAM.

PRESIDENT,
REV. ASA BULLARD.

VICE-PRESIDENTS,
PHILIP E. HILL, A. B. KEITH, JAMES M. SMITH.

SECRETARY,
C. B. TILLINGHAST.

CHAPLAIN,
REV. ASA BULLARD.

SURGEON,
W. S. EVERETT, M. D.

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C. B. TILLINGHAST.

Germania Band, Boston.

LEADER,
ANTON HEINICKE.

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JULIUS E. EICHLER,	WILLIAM C. NICHOLS,
CARL H. COLBURN,	WILHELM RIETZEL,
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A. GUMPRICHT,	ERNST WEBER,
AUGUST STEIN,	HENRY A. GREENE,
FR. DIETZE,	ULRICH HEINDE.

PIANIST,
JOHN A. HOWARD.

MEMBERS OF THE QUARTETTE,
MISS MARY A. BRACKETT, *Soprano* ;
MISS L. FLORENCE HOLMES, *Alto* ;
THOMAS L. MACLAREN, *Tenor* ;
EDWARD HERRMANSON, *Basso*.

ELOCUTIONIST,
H. H. LINCOLN.

Names of the Excursionists.

ADAMS, GEORGE H.	Boston.
ADAMS, MISS H. N.	Manchester, N. H.
ALLEN, HIRAM W.	Chelsea.
BELL, ANDREW	Chelsea.
BELL, MISS E. A.	Boston Highlands.
BENNETT, J. C.	Worcester.
BENNETT, MISS EFFIE L.	Worcester.
BILLINGS, H. O.	Newton.
BISBEE, J. D.	Portland, Me.
BOYNTON, DAVID S.	Lynn.
BRACKETT, MISS MARY A.	Jamaica Plain.
BRANCH, E. E.	Lawrence.
BROWN, C. H. JR.	Fitchburg.
BROWN, J. F.	Fitchburg.
BUCKLEY, JOSEPH	South Boston.
BUCKLEY, J. J.	Salem.
BULLARD, REV. ASA	Cambridgeport.
BULLARD, MISS LOUISA D.	Cambridgeport.
BUNTON, WILLIAM A.	Boston.
BUNTON, GEORGE W.	Boston.
BUNTON, MRS. D. A.	Manchester, N. H.
BURNETT, MISS ELLEN F.	Charlestown.

CARR, WILLIAM	Fall River.
CARTER, C. WILLARD	Boston.
CARY, GEORGE C.	North Bridgewater.
CARY, OTIS, JR.	Foxboro'.
CARY, MISS ANNA W..	Foxboro'.
CARY, MISS SARAH T..	Foxboro'.
CASELL, F. W.	Boston.
CHAMBERLAIN, JOHN	Newburyport.
CHASE, HENRY L.	Lynn.
CLARK, MISS M. A.	Fall River.
CLEAVES, MRS. MARY	Hallowell, Me.
COLEMAN, GEORGE	Boston.
COLLINS, TIMOTHY	Salem.
COREY, WILLIAM F.	Elmira, N. Y.
COTTON, H. NORMAN	Cambridgeport.
CURTIS, DANIEL B..	Boston.
CURTIS, FRANK M..	Boston.
CUTLER, WILLIAM S.	Waltham.
DALLINGER, FRANK W.	Cambridgeport.
DAMON, KENDALL H.	Boston.
DANFORTH, H.	Cambridgeport.
DANIELL, FRANK H.	Franklin, N. H.
DARLING, H. L.	Newtonville.
DARLING, CHARLES R.	Newtonville.
DART, E. P.	Marlboro'.
DEAN, FRANK W.	Taunton.
DEVINE, MICHAEL	Salem.
DEWING, BENJAMIN F..	Boston.
DEWING, MRS. SARAH W.	Boston.
DOWNING, HENRY H.	Lynn.
DRAPER, WALLACE S.	Boston.

DRISCOLL, JAMES C.	Randolph.
DRURY, REV. LUCIAN	Winchendon.
DUMMER, MRS.	Hallowell, Me.
DURGIN, A. G.	Natick.
EMERSON, REV. R.	Granby.
EMERSON, ALICE W.	Granby.
EMORY, WILLIAM	Springfield.
EVANS, T. C.	Hyde Park.
EVANS, MRS. T. C.	Hyde Park.
EVANS, CHARLES M.	Hyde Park.
EVERETT, DR. W. S.	Hyde Park.
EVERETT, MISS S. A.	Hyde Park.
FADER, MRS. M. K.	Boston.
FAIRBANKS, DANIEL H.	Holliston.
FAIRBANKS, WILLIAM W.	Marlboro'.
FARRAR, J. W.	Lincoln.
FISHER, J. S.	Waltham.
FISHER, H. M.	Waltham.
FISKE, GEORGE R.	Fall River.
FISKE, MISS H. R.	Fall River.
FISKE, GEORGE H.	Newton.
GILMORE, MISS MARY	Lowell.
GOULD, J. E.	Cambridgeport.
GREENE, DR. M. C.	Boston.
GREENE, MRS. M. C.	Boston.
GREENE, JOHN H.	Charlestown.
GREENWOOD, A. M.	Gardner.
GREENWOOD, MRS. A. M.	Gardner.
GRIFFIN, K. W.	East Somerville.

HANDY, C. H.	Warren, R. I.
HARRINGTON, CHARLES A. . . .	Boston.
HARRINGTON, MRS. C. A. . . .	Boston.
HART, JOSEPH	Cambridgeport.
HAWKES, MRS. MARY B.	Lynnfield.
HAYES, HOMER	Natick.
HERRMANSON, EDWARD	Boston.
HEYWOOD, HENRY	Gardner.
HEYWOOD, MRS. HENRY	Gardner.
HEYWOOD, GEORGE H.	Gardner.
HEYWOOD, MISS HELEN R.	Gardner.
HEYWOOD, MISS MARY W.	Gardner.
HILL, PHILIP E.	Bridgewater.
HILL, GEORGE W.	Lynn.
HILL, HENRY G.	Gardner.
HILL, CALVIN H.	Gardner.
HILL, MRS. MARY A.	Gardner.
HILL, MISS EMMA F.	Gardner.
HILL, MISS MARY T.	Gardner.
HIXON, A. G.	Sharon.
HOLBROOK, ABNER	East Weymouth.
HOLCOMB, MISS JULIA A.	Boston.
HOLDEN, GEORGE W.	North Somerville.
HOLDEN, SIMON	Woburn.
HOLMAN, L. S.	Newton.
HOLMES, MISS L. FLORENCE . . .	East Boston.
HOLMES, MRS. J. R.	East Boston.
HOWARD, MISS JULIA M.	North Bridgewater.
HOWARD, JOHN A.	Boston.
HOWLETT, WALTER H.	Cambridgeport.
HUGHES, JOHN W.	Somerville.
HUSE, CHARLES L.	Newburyport.

INGHAM, GEORGE F. East Stoughton.
 IVES, CHARLES New Haven, Ct.
 IVES, MRS. CATHERINE M. New Haven, Ct.
 IVES, CHARLES, JR. New Haven, Ct.
 IVES, MISS KATE M. New Haven, Ct.
 IVES, MISS MARY E. New Haven, Ct.

KEILY, W. C. Holliston.
 KEITH, ARZA B. Braintree.
 KERSHAW, JOSEPH Lawrence.
 KERSHAW, MRS. M. A. Lawrence.

LEACH, B. F. Readville.
 LEACH, MRS. LAURA A. Readville.
 LEATHERBEE, JAMES W., JR. Boston.
 LEATHERBEE, MRS. J. W. Boston.
 LINCOLN, H. H. Boston.
 LINCOLN GEORGE W. Fall River.
 LITTLEFIELD, JOSHUA E. Woburn.
 LITTLEFIELD, MRS. CZARENA Woburn.
 LITTLEFIELD, JAMES H. Neponset.
 LIVERMORE, GEORGE T. Newton.
 LIVERMORE, E. T. Brighton.

MACOMBER, WILLIAM Waltham.
 MACCORY, JOHN STUART Boston.
 MACCORY, CHARLES E. S. Boston.
 MACLAREN, THOMAS L. Hyde Park.
 MADIGAN, JOHN W. Boston.
 MATTHEWS, H. E. New York, N. Y.
 MESERVEY, WILLIAM Lynn.
 MESERVEY, JOHN A. Lynn.

MORSE, HERBERT F.	Boston Highlands.
MUNSON, GARRY	Huntington.
NICHOLS, MISS ELLEN A.. . . .	Salem.
NOWELL, CHARLES F.	Cambridgeport.
O'CONNOR, PATRICK	Boston.
O'DONNELL, PHILIP.	Boston.
ORNE, JOEL S.	Cambridgeport.
PALMER, E. S.	Cochessett.
PARKER, THOMAS	Charlestown.
PARKER, EDWARD	Charlestown.
PARKER, SUMNER H.	Natick.
PARKER, JOSIAH	Woburn.
PARKER, GEORGE A.	Andover.
PARSONS, AARON	Gloucester.
PECK, J. ARTHUR	East Somerville.
PECKHAM, GEORGE R.	Bedford.
PECKHAM, MRS. C. C.	Bedford.
PECKHAM, MISS NELLIE M.	Bedford.
PECKHAM, GEORGE F.	Bedford.
PECKHAM, EDDIE F..	Bedford.
PECKHAM, REV. JOSEPH	Kingston.
PECKHAM, MRS. MARY H. R.	Kingston.
PECKHAM, MISS MARY M.	Westminster.
PHILBROOK, JOHN D.	Boston.
PIERCE, GEN. HENRY B.	Abington.
PIERCE, MRS. HENRY B.	Abington.
POTE, E., JR.	East Boston.
PRATT, JACOB	Weymouth.
PUTNAM, GEORGE E. B.	Boston.

PUTNAM, JAMES R.	Boston.
PUTNAM, MISS IDA J.	Boston.
PUTNAM, MRS. MARY J.	Boston.
QUINN, THOMAS	Boston.
REDPATH, JAMES	Malden.
REDPATH, MRS. MARY A.	Malden.
RICE, W. A.	Framingham.
RICH, H. B.	South Boston.
RICHARDS, HENRY H.	Boston.
RICHARDSON, THOMAS	Woburn.
RICHARDSON, MISS JENNIE L.	Cambridgeport.
RICHARDSON, MISS KATE	Cambridgeport.
ROSS, DANIEL W.	Lynn.
ROSS, GEORGE F.	Boston.
ROTHE, G. H. C. A.	Boston.
RUSSELL, JOHN S.	Portland, Me.
SANDERS, A. D.	Northampton.
SARGENT, FRANK A.	Concord, N. H.
SAWTELL, WILLIAM B.	Cambridge.
SEARS, ANDREW R.	North Bridgewater.
SEAVEY, GEORGE O.	Boston.
SLICON, A. G.	Sharon.
SMITH, JAMES M.	Boston.
SOUTHER, JOHN	Boston.
SOUTHER, ARTHUR L.	Boston.
SOUTHER, MRS. EMERY	Boston.
SPILLER, J. B.	Boston.
STATES, GEORGE W.	Boston.
STEVENS, CHARLES H.	Marlboro'.

NAMES OF THE EXCURSIONISTS.

17

STODDARD, DR. HENRY B. . . .	Northampton.
STODDARD, JOHN T.	Northampton.
STONE, JOHN	Cambridgeport.
SWAPP, ANDREW F.	Lowell.
SWAPP, MRS. JANE	Lowell.
SWAPP, MISS JANETTE	Lowell.
TAYLOR, WILLIAM J.	Lawrence.
THOMPSON, CARRIE M.	Woburn.
THORNDIKE, MRS. AMELIA	Boston.
THORNDIKE, MISS ADDIE E. . . .	Boston.
TILLINGHAST, C. B.	Boston.
TORRY, MISS SARAH E.	Foxboro'.
TRASK, FRED. J.	Leicester.
TRIBOU, S. C.	North Bridgewater.
TUDOR, MRS. FENNO	Boston.
TUDOR, MISS ELENORA	Boston.
TURNER, CALVIN	Sharon.
WADE, HERBERT	Danielsonville, Ct.
WALES, JOHN	Boston.
WASHBURNE, CHARLES H.	West Newton.
WATERS, TYLER	Millbury.
WEBBER, EDWIN F.	Medford.
WEBSTER, WILLIAM T.	Lynn.
WELCH, HERMANUS M., JR. . . .	New Haven, Ct.
WELD, MISS BELLE M.	Boston.
WETHERELL, GEORGE K.	Newton.
WHITCOMB, J. E.	Waltham.
WHITING, O. R.	Somerville.
WHITNEY, E. P.	Waltham.
WHITNEY, NATHAN S.	Waltham.

WHITON, EZRA J.	Boston.
WHITTEN, ANDREW S.	Charlestown.
WILLARD, AMMI	Worcester.
WILLARD, MRS. HARRIETTE L. . . .	Worcester.
WILLIAMS, CHARLES T.	Boston.
WHITMARSH, N.	Springfield.
WOODCOCK, CHARLES H.	Leicester.
WRIGHT, A. S.	Lawrence.
WRIGHT, MRS. CORDELIA B. . . .	Lawrence.





THE BAY STATE EXCURSION.

FOR four successive years a party of two or three hundred of the business people of Worcester have enjoyed a week or two at the summer vacation time, by making a steamboat trip to different places of interest upon the Sound, the Hudson, or the Northern New England coast. The invigoration gained from these "Coit" excursions, as they were called, gave a strong pulsation to the "Heart of the Commonwealth," which quickened every vein of the old Bay State, from the breezy hill-tops of Berkshire to the pearly sands of Cape Cod. Every year found the party increased in numbers, until their trip to Maine and Nova Scotia, in July, 1871, was overcrowded with the influx of passengers. In view of this fact, and impressed with the idea that a similar party could be easily gathered in Boston, Mr. George R. Peckham, who had been the President of the Coit party for the three years previous, decided to make the attempt. At once the programme was announced, the tickets placed at the low rate of twenty-five dollars, including meals, and the elegant and stanch steamer *New Brunswick*, Captain S. H. Pike, was engaged for the eight days' trip.

The hour for starting was fixed at ten o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, August 8th, from Commercial Wharf, and although the clouded skies and intermittent rain-fall

might have dampened the ardor of a less determined party, all seemed to be cheerful, and came on board with happy faces and the manifest determination to have a jolly voyage. Standing by the gang-plank as they came on board, one gathered a favorable idea of his fellow passengers. They numbered about two hundred and fifty, including merchants, manufacturers, artisans, gentlemen of each of the learned professions, among whom were four well known clergymen. Quite a large number of families were on the list, there being about seventy-five ladies in all. Although by far the larger number were residents of Eastern Massachusetts, there were representatives from six different States, sixteen cities, and thirty-three towns.

It was fifteen minutes past ten when the steamer parted her moorings and stood out into the harbor, and with the farewells and good wishes of many friends, and the inspiring music of the Germania Band from the hurricane deck, the excursionists were fully launched upon their voyage. The rain subsided, the fog lifted, the sun smiled through a rift in the clouds, and all was merry.

While the steamer was passing down the harbor the party were called into the cabin by the sound of the auctioneer's hammer, announcing that the sale of state-rooms was to commence. The bidding was very spirited, and in a short space of time they were all disposed of at prices ranging from thirty to fifty-five dollars each. The net amount of the whole sale was about \$1,350.

The other arrangements necessary for the comfort and convenience of the party, such as drawing lots for berths and seats at the tables, were quickly completed, and the voyagers were comfortably settled for the trip, and had

leisure to watch the pleasant sea-shore from Nahant to Cape Ann. The view of the harbor and the quaint old town of Marblehead, with the rocky peninsula called the Neck; the finely sheltered harbor of Gloucester, with its numberless fishing sloops lying at the wharves; and rugged Eastern Point, tipped with the light-house and bordered with its picturesque shores of rock and sandy beach, were especially attractive. The great ledge, called Bass Rocks, with its wild, rugged outlines, against which the waves break with a ceaseless roar, gave the first intimation of the wild rock-bound New England coast whose grandeur has been so often admired.

The company was divided, for convenience' sake, into two sections for dinner, one section receiving their meals first one day and the other the next, and so on alternately.

As the bugle call was given for dinner the steamer was passing Thatcher's Island, and the party went below to find an amply spread table, which at once dispelled all fears, if any had existed, for the culinary provision for the trip. Before the meal was over a dense fog shut in, and the passengers were deprived of a glimpse of the coast until they were entering Portland harbor. The time, however, did not hang heavily, for a meeting was held in the cabin for the purpose of fulfilling the first desire of a party of Yankees, that for organization. According to usual custom, a temporary chairman was found in Mr. H. H. Lincoln, and Mr. C. B. Tillinghast was temporarily called to the post of secretary, and by means of the necessary formality of a nominating committee, the following officers were selected to permanently care for the entertainment of the excursionists: President, Rev. Asa Bul-

lard; Vice-Presidents, Dea. Philip E. Hill of Bridgewater, A. B. Keith of Braintree, and James M. Smith of Boston; Secretary, C. B. Tillinghast; Executive Committee, Daniel B. Curtiss, chairman, General Henry B. Pierce, T. C. Evans, William T. Webster, and James Redpath, to which the President and Secretary were afterwards added. In the mean time the intermittent whistle of the steamer gave warning that the fog was thickening, and the gently rolling waves caused symptoms of sea-sickness among a few of the party.

After the important duty of electing officers had been discharged, a fine reading was given by the elocutionist, Mr. Lincoln, and the quartette gave some fine vocal selections, which aided in whiling the time pleasantly away.

About half-past six a heavy shower of rain was followed by the lifting of the fog and the clearing of the clouds, so that, as we entered Portland harbor, we caught a view of the fine harbor, its fortifications, the shipping, and the city itself, with its score or more of churches, its elegant post-office, city-hall, custom-house, and other public buildings, and charming residences, which have sprung, Phoenix-like, from the desolation of the great fire. In a few minutes we touched at the wharf. A few of the party went on shore and strolled about the streets, and admired the beautiful edifices with which they were lined. But, as the weather was disagreeable and forbidding, by far the larger number remained on board, and enjoyed the delightful social meeting which was organized in the cabin. This was the first of our social evening entertainments. It was most agreeably conducted by our President, and all were well entertained with the short speeches, humorous readings, recitations, and pleasant songs. This,

as well as all of the other evening exercises, was brought to a close with prayer and the singing of the doxology.

After a stop of about four hours at Portland, we were again on the move, at eleven o'clock, with the skies clear, and the stars shining brightly, as we steamed out of sight of the twinkling lights of the shipping anchored in the harbor.

A good run was made until about four o'clock Wednesday morning, when we encountered a dense fog, and, as we were then passing among the islands of Penobscot Bay, — where the steamboat route is narrow and circuitous, — our progress was slow, and the sound of the fog whistle was almost continuous. The fog did not leave us until about eight o'clock in the morning, when we were still passing among the charming scenery of the islands of Penobscot Bay. The largest of these is called Deer Isle. It is on the eastern side of the bay, and is one of the largest and most beautiful islands on the whole New England coast. Skirting along its shores, which are frequently abrupt and precipitous, and covered with stunted evergreens, the varied scenery of hill, woodland, and inlet continually delights the eye. A good view is also obtained of the coast of the main-land, while, far away, the hazy, blue outlines of the Camden Hills form a pleasing and appropriate margin to the beautiful panorama of isle-studded ocean and evergreen-covered peaks with which we were surrounded. Many of these islands are only barren rock, covered with growths of lichens, while from the crevices grow stunted pines and hemlocks. There is nought to sustain life except the product of the sea, and the only habitations are those of the fishermen. Every little cove was filled with boats, while from the rudely

built cottages, which occupy some of the most romantic locations, we were hailed with waving handkerchiefs and other signals of good-fellowship. The scene was one of constant change ; now we were apparently heading direct for the rocky shores of some island, and anon, rounding a small point, a broad expanse of clear water spread out before us ; beautiful bays and picturesque inlets were on every hand until we had passed out of the bay ; and the bare peaks of Mount Desert form the next prominent feature for our notice. As we came abreast of this grand spectacle, the hour arrived for morning devotions. The service was well attended, for no scenery could furnish a purer inspiration of gratitude to God for the wonderful beauty and sublimity of his works. The bold, rugged beauty of the coast could not well be surpassed ; and fretted and fringed as it is with bluff headlands, green hills, bright little fiords, and charming bays, it is one of the most interesting points on the Northern coast. But we are to call here upon our return, and we will reserve our description until we step upon its shores.

At noon we passed the Petit Menan light, with the peaks of Mount Desert receding into the dim distance. Soon after, fog — denser, if possible, than any we had yet encountered — enveloped the steamer, and we passed along an invisible coast until about five o'clock, when the sun came out bright, and gave us our first view of English soil just as we were rounding the island of Campo Bello to enter Eastport harbor. The band played some choice airs, and the keeper of the light upon the point of the island attempted to fire a salute from a rusty little field-piece which was perched upon the rocks. But finally its obstinacy overcame his patience, and we went on our

way unheralded by British powder, but conscious of the good wishes of the warm-hearted Englishman.

At half past five we touched the wharf at Eastport, and were welcomed with cheers from the hundreds of people which thronged the shore ; the Germanias responded, and we went on shore to explore the town. The party were quickly scattered about the quaint, old-fashioned streets, and over the high ridges and hills which form the background against which the main portion of the town rests, and from the summits of which some of the most charming views are obtainable. The town itself is composed largely of fishermen's dwellings, and portions of it remind one strongly of Gloucester, though it is apparently somewhat wanting in energy. The town has only about four thousand inhabitants, and boasts one spacious hotel,—the Passamaquoddy House,—where every comfort is afforded the traveller. The protection of the town is a small fortification called Fort Sullivan, which is situated upon the brow of a hill overlooking the town and harbor. It contains an old block-house, with its mammoth and projecting timbers, which is quite a curiosity. The scenery from this point is very fine, overlooking Campo Bello in the foreground, only a mile or two away, and the island of Grand Menan in the distance. The sea and inland views from the summits of any of these hills, can scarcely be equaled anywhere else in the country, and should never be omitted by the pleasure-seeker who would gain a correct idea of the glories of American scenery. It is the most eastern point in the United States, and, aside from the beautiful view of the whole town of Eastport, with the Stars and Stripes waving from the flag-staff of the fort, the eye takes in the harbor ; and, in the

distance, on the point of the island of Campo Bello where the light-house is situated, may be seen floating in the breeze the red cross of St. George, upon its native British soil. The blue waters of the bay, with its countless islands sparkling like emerald gems in a summer sea, with the silver St. Croix running away into the distant landscape, afford another charming scene. And all these united produce a stretch of scenery which is rarely equaled either for beauty or variety.

The revenue cutter *Mosswood*, Captain Hodgden, manned by twenty-six men, is stationed in the harbor, and they are kept constantly on the alert for the smugglers, who manage to drive quite a profitable business from the neighboring British isle of Campo Bello.

The Germanias gave an excellent concert at Memorial Hall in the evening, which was largely attended and most heartily appreciated by the citizens, and also by a large portion of the excursionists. After the concert, an hour or two was spent in dancing, an amusement in which the beautiful ladies of Eastport seemed to be quite proficient.

Thursday morning was clear, and the air cool and invigorating, and the excursionists spent the forenoon in various ways. One party paid a visit to an Indian settlement some seven miles away, and gained some new ideas of savage life. The officers of the party accepted an invitation from Captain Hodgden of the revenue cutter, and went on board, where they were most cordially welcomed and hospitably entertained. Several parties also went out and enjoyed an hour or two of good fishing in the harbor. The principal party of these styled themselves the "Kingfishers," and a sketch of them and their trip will be given in a separate section at the close

of this volume. While these parties were away, the gentlemen and ladies who remained on board enjoyed themselves with a "pea bee," the steward having brought several barrels on board to be shelled. It resulted in the most animating sport, and every unlucky wight who made his appearance, and did not lend a helping hand, was mercilessly pelted with the pods, and every one who deserted from the work shared a similar fate. Those present enthusiastically describe it as one of the most social and lively scenes of the whole excursion.

At one o'clock on Thursday afternoon, favored with splendid weather, the *New Brunswick* again started on her voyage. The wharves were crowded with the citizens, who waved us their farewell and good wishes ; and they also brought a field-piece upon the dock, and fired a parting salute in our honor.

Eastport will be remembered as one of the most pleasant stopping places on the whole route, and many pleasant memories of its beautiful scenery and hospitable citizens will linger in the minds of the excursionists. The only incident which occurred here to mar the pleasure of any one, was an unwilling sea bath which one had the misfortune to take without having divested himself of his fine broadcloth raiment.

After passing through a small amount of fog, we bade farewell to this chilling and gloomy visitant, and were favored with a distinct view of the coast all the way to St. John, which was our objective point. It was the most delightful afternoon's sail during the whole trip, and nearly all the party, in the most exuberant spirits, were out upon deck to enjoy the coast scenery ; which, though not strikingly grand or romantic, was pleasantly varied, and, in

many instances, the shores were covered with the richest verdure.

We reached St. John about five o'clock, with a clear sky and the thermometer at 65°. The unruffled water of the harbor reflected the bright colors of the setting sun; flags waved, the band played, and a thousand throats from the shore sent up hearty cheers in response to the cheers from our party as we neared the docks. As the excursionists stepped on shore, they were greeted with a quiet but most hearty welcome. The chief of police and other officials were at hand, and ready to show the visitors around the city. Several visited the large Victoria Hotel, and were much pleased with its superb accommodations.

The first impression one gets of St. John as a city is unfavorable. A large majority of the buildings are low, ancient, and grimy structures, and the streets are not remarkable for their cleanliness. Nevertheless, the cordial hospitalities of her citizens endeared them to all our hearts. The Germanias gave a concert in one of the principal halls of the city in the evening, and at the evening entertainment on board the boat several of the people of St. John were present, and some warm speeches of welcome were made.

Friday morning nearly the whole party made a trip to Fredericton, the capital of the Province, which lies a distance of ninety miles up the river St. John. They were taken up by cars on the Western Extension Railway, which runs along by the river side.

Fredericton is the residence of Governor Wilmot, the first native governor ever appointed by the Crown in the British North American Provinces. A portion of the party visited him, and were very cordially welcomed. He is a

most genial Christian gentleman, and is equally noted for his executive ability as a public administrator, and for his love of flowers. His gardens are the pride of the city, and the whole of his beautiful grounds are burdened with the greatest profusion of the choicest flowers and shrubs. When the company departed he gave each one a warm grasp of the hand, and culled and presented each with a modest flower.

The mayor of the city also greeted the strangers with the utmost cordiality, and dined with a portion of the party at one of the two hotels where the excursionists were served with dinner.

The main pleasure of the day, however, was the return to St. John, which was made on one of the regular river steamers, and afforded the excursionists a full opportunity to enjoy the charming landscape through which the river flows. Its matchless charms must be seen to be appreciated. Its course is winding, and at every turn the varying scene keeps the attention constantly riveted. The banks, now wild and rugged, anon terminating in high bluffs, again give way to stretches of verdant interval, with a picturesque background of hills in the far distance. A large number of rafts of logs were passed on the route, which were floating down with the current to the extensive steam saw-mills near the mouth of the river.

The party reached St. John about ten o'clock in the evening, after one of the most delightful experiences of the whole excursion. One of the number afterward wrote of the St. John River: "It is quiet, graceful, exquisitely lovely in its beauty. It is the Tweed and the Doon united and come of age. I know of no such ethereally beautiful river on this continent. Certainly there is none in the United States."

A short social meeting was held on the boat while coming down the river, after the shades of evening hid, it was said, some of the most romantic scenes along its banks from view. Speeches were made by members of the excursion and their British American cousins, all expressive of the warmest cordiality.

A small portion of the excursionists remained throughout the day in the city of St. John, to which we will now devote a little more attention. The city is mainly built upon the sloping declivity which surrounds the bay, and there are some splendid residences and public buildings in the suburbs. The hospital is a fine brick edifice crowning the summit of a hill to the northward. Near at hand, on another summit, is Reed's Castle, a very prominent and attractive edifice of Gothic architecture, surrounded by extensive and finely kept grounds. Following the summit of the ridge, which forms the background of the town, around to the left, the traveller finds, now and then, a cannon, which was placed for use at the time of the threatened Fenian invasion, and never having been removed, is now settling away into the ground. This ridge itself is formed mainly of a soft limestone rock, which has been worn and polished into the most fantastic forms by the action of water in some past age. Opposite the head of the bay is a small wooden tower with a large ball upon the top. It is an object that will at once arrest the attention of the curious; and upon inquiry he will be told that its mission is to signal the correct maritime time both to the boats in the harbor and the people on shore. The method is as follows: a few minutes before one o'clock each day, it is raised several feet above its position, and dropped precisely upon the hour, so that with the aid of a

glass, a vessel at anchor, or sailing a long way off, can regulate its time.

Following this ridge, the bank of the River St. John is reached some half a mile or more above the suspension bridge. The banks here are quite abrupt, and the scenery, looking up the St. John River, is grand. In some instances, the bluffs rise to the height of one hundred and fifty feet, while, now and then, a little niche or break, clear down to the river's brink, is occupied by a lime-kiln.

One curious place upon the very brink of the river, beneath a steep overhanging bank, and apparently accessible only by water, was visited by a trio who made a dare-devil descent of a hundred feet or more down an almost perpendicular bank of rolling gravel. It proved to be a black-lead mine which has lain idle for the past two years. It was owned and worked by a man who made several thousand dollars by the speculation, when becoming, as is often the case, intoxicated with his success, he ventured into the field of copper mining and was ruined. The vein of plumbago, into which the work has penetrated for some distance, is perpendicular, narrow at the top, and widening toward the bottom. The lead appears to be very pure, and in the vein it has much the appearance of coal.

The Victoria Suspension Bridge over the rapids above the city, which connects Portland and Carlton, is one of the first objects to which the stranger visiting the city will have his attention called. It is a beautiful structure, six hundred and forty feet in length, and eighty feet above the water at high-water mark. The great curiosity to be observed here, however, is the effect of the tide upon the current of the river. At low tide the rapids in the river

above the bridge are such as to endanger the passage of any boats, and at high tide these rapids are obliterated, and the current sets in the other direction ; in other words, the river runs up stream certain hours in the day.

The rising and falling of the tide at St. John, sometimes reaching the height of forty feet, presents many decided novelties to one who visits the city for the first time, and is unaccustomed to the high tides of the Bay of Fundy. You leave the boat in the forenoon by a gang-plank descending from the lower deck, and at night return to it by a plank which descends from the wharf to the hurricane deck. At low tide large vessels may be seen lying high and dry at the wharves, discharging their cargoes into drays at their side, while at high tide these same vessels float away in thirty or forty feet of water.

One of the most conspicuous objects seen on entering the harbor, is a round stone tower on the point nearly opposite Partridge Island light. It is situated in Carlton, the part of the city west of the river. On visiting it we found a massively built, quaint old structure, the first floor being occupied by a powder magazine, while, singularly enough, the floor above was occupied by a family. On the third floor, which was reached from the tenement by a dark, stone stairway, were a couple of heavy guns, hidden by a temporary wooden casing. On a hill-top near at hand were several guns, which were also placed there at the time of the first threatened Fenian invasion.

Some of our party paid a visit to Riverside, seven miles away by rail, where the St. John boat crew were quartered preparatory to the great international race, then close at hand, and had the pleasure of inspecting the boats, and also of seeing the athletic Tyne crew practicing in their beautiful shell.

Saturday morning came clear and pleasant, and found nearly all of the excursionists lingering in the shops and stores to admire the rich display of goods, marvel at their cheapness, and make as many purchases as were consistent with the revenue laws. If the possession of an umbrella can be said to be any sign of respectability, judging from appearances as our party returned to the boat, it must have been an eminently respectable one. No heavy purchases were, however, made by any of our company, partly, perhaps, through fear of the custom-house officers, who so ruthlessly overhauled the "Coit" party upon their return.

In passing, we may say that St. John is one of the most orderly cities in the world. It has only twenty-six police officers to a population of sixty thousand, and the best of order everywhere prevails. Justice is summarily meted out to the offender, and the penalty for theft is the penitentiary.

The boat was to leave at twelve, and shortly before that hour the mayor and several other city officials came on board to pay their parting respects. The pier was densely packed with human beings, anxious to testify their good fellowship to our party. An impromptu meeting was at once organized upon the forward deck, and short speeches of farewell were made by several gentlemen, — speeches that breathed the utmost of good fellowship between the kinsmen of the two flags. The president said a few pleasant words for the excursionists, as also did Hon. Mr. Ives of New Haven; and the mayor, Alderman Rowan, and Mr. Oscar D. Wetmore, made eloquent responses. All of these were filled with the warmest-hearted good-will toward the United States, and also displayed the truest loyalty and devotion to the queen. We heard very little desire for annexation expressed by any one during our

visit. But the mutual pleasures of the stay at St. John must come to an end, and finally the warning bell of the steamer hurried all of our friends off on shore. The Stars and Stripes were run up side by side with the Red Cross of St. George ; the national airs of both countries were performed by the band ; and, as the steamer parted her moorings, hats went up, handkerchiefs fluttered, and we bade adieu to our New Brunswick cousins, while cheer responded to cheer in a manner that gave the best evidence of that close bond of sympathy which unites the people of the two flags.

Four hours of pleasant sailing on the smoothest water brought us to Eastport upon our return. The scenery all the way was the most charming. We remained at Eastport until ten o'clock in the evening, and were visited on board by quite a number of our Eastport friends, among them Captain Hodgden of the revenue cutter.

The entertainment provided for this evening proved to be one of the most happy of the whole trip. Early in the evening the Germanias gave a concert for an hour on board, after which a mock trial was brought on the docket and carried through very successfully. The court, the infallible tribunal before which the trial was heard, was dignified Chief Justice Ives, and the culprit was very promptly brought into court at his order by Sheriff Curtiss. The indictment charged our worthy and jolly Baptist deacon with the larceny of three water-melons, and a long string of less important articles. Numerous intelligent witnesses were produced upon either side, and learned counsel summarized their cases in able pleas. At a late hour a just and satisfactory verdict was rendered, and the court was dissolved until another similar case of larceny shall come to light upon the high seas.

At ten o'clock we said our last farewells to Eastport, and in the bright starlight and the still night air we sailed away for Mount Desert, where we were to spend the Sabbath. We took the inside route through the islands, and passing near Lubec — the residence of Captain Pike, the noble hearted commander of the *New Brunswick*, — we gave three rousing cheers for his family, which must have gladdened their hearts if they heard them.

The boat reached Bar Harbor, and was made fast to the wharf about six o'clock in the morning of Sunday. This arrangement was made by the thoughtful care of Mr. Peckham, who had arranged for the boat to remain here all through the day, to permit those who wished to enjoy quiet Sabbath services on board the boat. It was a Sabbath morning of the most superb loveliness. The air was perfectly clear, with just that crisp coolness that carries with it the most invigoration. Bar Harbor is situated on the northeasterly coast of the island, and the fine view from this point, as one takes in the wild, rugged outline of the mountain, is superb. The cottages and hotels are built upon a small, level plateau at the base of Green and Newport mountains, while the background is a steep mountain side of rock and evergreen, whose summit cleaves the sky. Nowhere could a religious service be made more impressive than beneath such a clear, blue sky, and on the borders of such a splendid panorama of mountain scenery. Divine services were held at the usual hours upon the boat during the day under the direction of our chaplain. The morning service was held at nine o'clock. The introductory devotional exercises were conducted by Rev. Mr. Emerson of Granby, after which the Rev. Mr. Bullard preached a sermon on the Bereans

who searched the Scriptures daily. Acts xvii. 11. He, in the first place, commended the example of the Bereans to the imitation of all. First, because of the adaptation of the Bible to every age, and every variety of circumstance and taste ; second, because the Bible is the only divinely authorized standard of truth and duty ; third, because the study of the Bible, as the Bereans studied it, is the only course worthy of a noble, candid, liberal mind. The speaker then pointed out the manner and spirit with which the Scriptures should be studied. First, we must begin while young ; second, improve the best opportunities ; third, investigate thoroughly and with diligence ; fourth, use the best helps. Among the helps of which all should avail themselves, the speaker specified studying the Bible *socially*, as in the Bible class and Sabbath-school, and a constant and devout attendance on the preaching of the gospel. Fifth, with docility and obedience ; sixth, we should prayerfully seek the aid of the Holy Spirit. Studying the Bible thus, our experience would be like unto that of David, when he exclaimed, " Oh, how love I thy law ; 'tis my meditation all the day. How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God."

At three o'clock in the afternoon, another service was held, when Rev. Lucian Drury of Winchendon conducted the devotional services, and Rev. Joseph Peckham of Kingston preached a very appropriate sermon on the lessons of the sea-side, from Mark iv. 1. In treating his subject he said : " Geographers divide the earth into two parts, land and water, but there is a third part, which is the residence of a large portion of the population, a sort of amphibious division, called the sea-coast. Jesus often went to the lake of Galilee, partly because the many people

resorting there for business or recreation gave him an opportunity to reach more hearts and ears, and partly because the surroundings were peculiarly favorable for enforcing his great truths. The sea-shore affords marked illustrations of the presence and power of the Almighty. Thus would be brought to mind the original separation of the land and the sea ; how, by the chains of rocks and ropes of sand, the heaving sea was restrained within fixed limits ; the wondrous effect of God's fiat in the storm, 'Peace, be still ;' the hiding of his power beneath the smooth, sleeping surface, and the astonishing regularity and precision in the movements of the tides. The evidences of God's goodness were manifest in providing for the gratification of our sense of beauty. The charms of a residence upon the sea-shore, the splendid views of projecting headlands, of island gems, and of the white sail of various craft, were known to all. Then the sight of the land from the sea, its cliffs and silvery beaches, its measured and cultivated fields, its villas skirted with forests, the blue mountains of native country in the far-off horizon, especially the glimpses of home, where the dear ones dwell, are to the voyager, after a period of absence, sources of lofty admiration and joy. All the prolonged, winding coast is but one line of marvelous things, new at every step. But there were things richer than corals, or pearls, or than

' The starry gems, the burning gold,
Won from ten thousand royal Argosies,' —

the truths of the gospel, which form the noblest commodities of human commerce.

“ While savages never venture out of sight of land in

their frail skiffs, Christian people send their forces to the Gentiles, and the Millennium will have come when the abundance of the sea is converted unto God. Christ chose his immediate disciples from the sea-side, because those men possessed good round souls. Men now ought to be morally as well as physically benefited by their tours along the coast: Christ is teaching them that He is their saving health, and that He is ready to renew their natures through the invigorating influences of his Spirit. He teaches them that they should not be unstable like the water, but as firm for Him as the everlasting rocks and hills which skirt the sea. He teaches them that they are all sailing upon the same great voyage of human life, and that they should be bound each to each by charity and forbearance. When the deep of affliction calls unto the deep of their souls, they should look to Him for help. When the fogs of doubt gather around, they should look to that one bright, particular Star which is never dimmed ; and desiring to gather at the same haven of unending felicity, they should each hear his voice, 'Come unto me and I will give you rest.' "

In conclusion he said : " Let us take large draughts of this invigorating sea-air, not only to expand our lungs, but our hearts and ideas. Then our voyage along the coast, and from city to city and into a strange land, no longer strange to any of us, will be productive of the greatest good. We shall return to our homes, not only gratified, but better men and women, physically, intellectually, and spiritually."

In the evening there was an interesting service of praise in which the band and the quartette aided. This service was introduced by some remarks from the chaplain, in

regard to this part of Sabbath-worship ; that we ought to seek to honor God not less in our songs than in our prayers. Ten or twelve hymns were sung with great spirit and devoutness by the whole congregation. This service was relieved by the reading of a short poem on "God," by Mr. Lincoln.

All these services were well attended by a goodly portion of the excursionists, and by several of the visitors in the place. Many of the party also attended service three times at the little chapel at Bar Harbor. This quiet Sabbath and all the scenes of interest around us will be cherished as one of the most pleasant and enjoyable days of the excursion.

Some of the party in early morning, and others after the morning services, felt that they must read a few chapters in the "Book of Nature" which are so graphically written among the mountains and other scenes of interest in this romantic region. And thus they sought the shores and woods for a day of quiet communion with Nature's God, among the wild grandeur of his sublime creations. Some gathered a pleasant and some a rather unfavorable idea of the island, but certainly none can deny that, for a place of quiet retirement from the noise and bustle of the world, and where the purest and most invigorating air can be found, it would be difficult to find its equal among our fashionable summer resorts.

Soon after the breakfast hour, a party, with genial Captain Pike at their head, started to make the ascent of Green Mountain, the highest of the thirteen peaks on the island. It is fifteen hundred and thirty-five feet in height, and is the only mountain on the island whose height has been accurately measured. The road passes by nearly

all the hotels at Bar Harbor, which are sixteen in number, and accommodate some seven hundred summer boarders. They are mainly plainly built structures without any attempt at ornamentation. There are a few fine private residences, the property of such men as Hon. Alpheus Hardy, and other well-known Bostonians.

By the way, among the familiar faces we met here were those of Rev. James Freeman Clarke, Chief Justice Chapman, Rev. Dr. Buckingham of Springfield, Mr. Samuel E. Sawyer of Gloucester, and Rev. Dr. Noah Porter, the newly elected President of Yale.

In continuing the ascent, after passing out of the village, the road was found to be very circuitous and lined with forests on either side, and a brisk walk of about two miles and a half brought us to the foot of the mountain. From this point the ascent is very steep, and although it is passable for carriages, those who have any sympathy for the horse will make the journey on foot. The ascent is upon the westerly side of the mountain ridge, and consequently the ocean view is entirely cut off until the summit is reached. About half way up we met a party of ladies and gentlemen who had spent the night at the house on the summit, and, alpenstock in hand, were making their way back down to the harbor. Soon after passing these the smooth, glassy surface of Eagle Lake became visible in a deep depression at the right. From this point the view was very fine, and involuntarily we cast ourselves upon the rocks for a quiet survey of the scene. The view comprises the valley between Green and Sargent mountains, which, covered with a dense evergreen undergrowth, stretched away to the northward for miles. The monotony of the emerald sea of waving leaves is only broken

by the tall, dead, whitened pine trunks here and there, which seem to keep a sort of watch and ward over the silent, almost enchanting scene. In every direction a scene of beauty met the eye: there were the gently rippling, crystal waters of the lake laving the white sandy beaches a mile beneath our feet; beyond was the abrupt ascent and bold peak of Mount Sargent; while in a north-westerly direction the varied panorama of woods and water stretched away into the main-land of the Pine Tree State, until the far-away blue hills fretted and fringed the sky. Invigorated by our halt and exhilarated by the pure mountain air, we pushed on to the summit, which we reached about ten o'clock. Here the prospect is very extensive, comprising the most varied and charming views in every direction. Looking northward, the whole distance we have traversed, together with the admirable scenery from the road, is beneath our feet, and the beautiful emerald island gems in the vicinity of Bar Harbor look as though encased in a setting of the purest silver. One of these small islands, which a few years ago was bartered away for the paltry sum of seventeen dollars, has been recently purchased for the sum of five hundred dollars by General Fremont as his summer residence.

But to return to our view: stretching our vision far away northward the bold outline of Katahdin, one hundred and ten miles away, is clearly definable. Eastward we look down upon the summit of Newport Mountain and a spur of Green Mountain, which lies between; the eye also fondly wanders down a beautiful emerald valley at least a thousand feet in depth, which is notched by one of the most charming little fiords, with a few neat, white farm cottages sprinkled along its sides. Twenty miles out at sea Mount

Desert rock is clearly visible, while beyond in this and the southerly direction, the meeting of sea and sky alone limits the view. Westerly the scene is broken and wild. Including the summits of the other peaks of the island, with the rough and jagged rocks which reach to their summit, Mount Sargent, apparently in the near foreground, overtops them all.

We rambled around the summit a couple of hours, almost enchanted by the new views which surprised us at every turn, and the wonderful play of light and shade as small clouds flitting across the sun's disc cast their fantastic shadows upon the sunlit field spread out before us. About noon we went to the little hotel which is kept by Mr. D. W. Brewer, and enjoyed a fine dinner, composed of the choicest and whitest of bread, the purest butter, and other nice edibles. The house itself is a rough, rudely built structure, originally erected by a party from the United States Coast Survey, while making some triangulations along the coast, and it is braced without in every direction with spruce poles, in order to enable it to withstand the furious wind-gales which frequently visit the summit. It is only used as a habitation from the middle of June to the middle of September, and the proprietor informed us that it did not pay at that, for of the many who visit the summit few spend any money, while they importune the patient proprietor with questions by the hour.

After dinner a few of our party expressed their intentions of paying a visit to Mount Sargent, and inquired of our host the distance to its summit. Viewing us with a glance, which told at once of his incredulity for our success, and the idea he entertained of those reckless adventurers who would dare attempt such a foolhardy enterprise,

he told us the pathless way was beset with almost numberless and unknown dangers, and endeavored to discourage and dissuade us from making the attempt. But our resolution was made, and our little party of five — consisting of Messrs. W. A. Rice of Framingham, Henry H. Downing and Daniel W. Ross of Lynn, and Herbert W. Morse and C. B. Tillinghast of Boston, — left him to depreciate our enterprise to Captain Pike and the others who decided to return to the boat. A very few steps carried us into a forest thicket, which led down the steep mountain side, and soon we were well under way in the descent. The way was romantic in the extreme. Emerging now and then from a thicket, we came upon a bare, shelving rock, too steep for descent, and which we were compelled to make a *détour* to pass. Again we would pass down some cleft in the rocks by holding to the bushes which grew from the scanty soil. Frequently a stone, loosened by our feet, would have bounded hundreds of feet below, and a misstep would have been attended with the utmost danger both to life and limb. With caution we kept on our way, often swinging ourselves down by the branches of some overhanging tree, or the body of some pliable shrub. Meanwhile, the hot rays of the sun, coupled with our unusual exertions, caused some fatigue, and, as we clambered over the thorny trunks of the large dead pine-trees, which were often piled in our way, the perspiration issued from every pore. While sometimes the thicket was so dense that we could not see each other at a few feet distance, we would anon issue upon an open area or ledge, from which we caught the wildest views of the jagged rocks, the tangled woods, and the picturesque lakes and glens which were spread out before us. Every-

where and in every direction the scene was worthy the painter's brush. The picture was one of ever-changing variety ; hidden beauty was revealed at every step, and the flitting shadows held perpetual play.

After a little more than an hour's time we came to a little lake known as Bubble Lake, which lies at the foot of Green Mountain. Its waters were of the most crystal clearness and transparency, save where the forest undergrowth, which overhung its borders, tinged it with the reflection of their beautiful green leaves. As we reached its shores, a red fox was seen slowly prowling along the opposite edge, apparently without any fear of human intrusion. Making our way over the driftwood, polished and bleached by the action of water and air, which formed a sort of raft around the head of the lake, we came to a path which, followed for nearly a mile, brought us to the shores of Eagle Lake, the beautiful sheet of water which we had seen in the ascent of Green Mountain. It appeared to be some two miles in length, and from half to three quarters of a mile in width. At the head of the lake, around which we passed, there are two short beaches of the purest white sand, which are very beautiful. As we left the eastern shore and again took to the woods, we passed for some time through a forest of quite large trees, and were consequently less impeded with underbrush. The ascent for half or three fourths of a mile was quite steep, until we reached the summit of the ridge of an intervening mountain called Pemetic. From this point the descent was very precipitous into a deep, heavily wooded ravine, which lies at the base of Mount Sargent. When the bottom of this ravine was reached, the ascent looked forbidding in the extreme, the huge, overhanging rocks

almost threatening to tumble down on our heads ; however, no time was to be lost, and at once we commenced clambering upward. The side of the mountain shot upward at so abrupt an angle that the ascent was made possible only by clinging to the trees and shrubs, and now and then clambering over jutting crags of rock. Once our position, though one of peril, must have presented a ludicrous sight to one who could have beheld the scene. We had clambered upon a rock, which lay at so sharp an angle that the only way we could secure ourselves was by lying at whole length and drawing our bodies along by inches ; and it was several minutes before we were safely at its summit. The last half mile to the peak of the mountain was a bare rock, with seams and fissures, which were filled with a growth of small bushes, many of them blueberries, heavily laden with the choicest fruit. These sweet, delicious berries were very plentiful all through the mountains. At three o'clock in the afternoon we reached the summit of our desires, — the top of the mountain, — and waved a signal to the incredulous landlord of the Green Mountain House, who had expressed so little faith in the promise we had made him to call his attention from the summit of Mount Sargent at that hour. But he had the courtesy or curiosity to await our signal, and, with the aid of a powerful glass, we were able to see his response. In some respects the view from the top of Mount Sargent is superior to that from any other point on the island. Eastward the finest view of Green Mountain is attainable, together with the small Bubble Mountains intervening, and Eagle and Jordan's Lakes, which these mountains separate. Southward a good view of Northeast harbor is attained, with the limitless ocean stretching beyond,

in which the evergreen, projecting fringe of the coast is clearly defined. Westward we catch a fine view of the other and lesser mountains of the island, and almost beneath the feet is a beautiful narrow inlet of the sea, skirted by pleasant fields and neat farm-houses. This is well known to tourists as *Somes' Sound*, and the pretty little villa of *Somesville* upon its northwestern border, looks like the whitest and thriftiest of country villages. Northward the view embraces the broad evergreen valley upon either side of the mountain ridge, and which unites and flows away northward like a sea of emerald. The view also extends a long distance into the main-land, embracing ample forests, cultivated farm lands, and pleasant hamlets grouped in a charming panorama.

As we left the summit, we passed down the western declivity of the mountain, which, for a short distance, is a series of gigantic terraces that finally terminate in a very dense thicket of tall bushes and briars. In spite of these disagreeable obstacles, we made our way rapidly down until we came to quite a large district that had recently been burned over, and finally emerged into a potato field which some adventurous husbandman had planted high up on the mountain side. In the course of the descent, we came upon several unmistakable fresh traces of deer, and we were afterwards told that they were quite plentiful in these deep recesses in the interior of the island, where man seldom penetrates. It is said that wild-cats are also numerous in these dense thickets, but we were fortunate enough to avoid their acquaintance.

At six o'clock we reached the foot of the mountain, and stopped at a farm-house on the shores of *Somes' Sound*, the proprietor of which proved to be Mr. Daniel Sargent,

a son of the man who settled in the locality some fifty years ago, and whose name was given to the mountain over which we had just made a pilgrimage. At his table we heartily enjoyed a refreshing dish of bread and the best of sweet milk, and departed with gratitude for a supper that a king might envy. We were now nine miles from Bar Harbor by road, and, determining to complete the journey on foot, we reached the boat, in the best of spirits, about ten o'clock in the evening. The story of our wayward departure had preceded us, and, aided by the story of the difficulties to be encountered in the wild route we had proposed, which some of the old residents of the island had narrated to our friends, we found them considerably anxious for our welfare. After a hearty supper at the Rodick House, we sought our state-rooms and slept soundly until we awoke the next morning at Castine. The residents of the island assured us that we had walked at least thirty miles, fifteen of which was through a section which had seldom or never been pressed by the foot of man. The day was cloudless, and only once or twice were we compelled to consult the little pocket compass which was our only guide.

No trace of the fog, which our captain feared would prolong our sojourn at the island, appeared, and at three o'clock on Monday morning, with clear sky and smooth water, we steamed away for Castine, where we stopped about seven o'clock, and tarried briefly. Nearly all the party went on shore, and clambered to the summit of the earth-works of the old fort, from which they caught a fine view of the beautiful islands of the Penobscot Bay. This old fort was built by the English, and long years ago became historic, and its ramparts and magazines are now wearing

away under the weight of the rolling years. Of the weapons of defense it once proudly bore, one dismantled gun only remains. The village itself is built upon the sloping declivity running from the fort to the river side, and contains some fine residences, apparently the abode of men of wealth, who have sought this quiet retirement from active life. Several of the party who were interested in numismatics paid a visit to the residence of the venerable Dr. Stevens, and took a peep at his fine collection of rare coins.

Leaving Castine after an hour's stay, we continued on our way up the beautiful Penobscot to Bangor,—a delightful sail of three or four hours, during which all were on deck admiring the beautiful river coast scenery through which we were passing. One prominent headland on the left bank of the river, known as Fort Point, contains a fine, large, and new hotel, which, from its advantageous location, commanding a view for a long distance, both up and down the river, is destined to become a popular summer resort.

At eleven o'clock we were at the wharf at Bangor. The day was intensely warm, and we passed the time quietly until three o'clock in the afternoon, when arrangements had been made by which we took a special train for Oldtown, a dozen miles up the river, to visit the remnants of the Penobscot tribe of Indians. The ride along the charming banks of the Penobscot was a very pleasant one, and, after reaching Oldtown,—which, by the way, appears to be rightly named,—we were ferried across to the islands upon which the Indians reside, in large dories. On these islands of the Penobscot River, there now reside the remaining few of the once powerful tribe of the Penobscots,

which has dwindled down to some five or six hundred in number. Their support is derived from fishing and the fancy basket-work, samples of which they continually importune visitors to purchase, together with what aid they receive from the State. This State aid is apportioned under an old statute law, which was enacted by the State of Massachusetts when it included the District of Maine within its jurisdiction, the obligations of this law being assumed by the State of Maine when it was set off from the old Bay State. This statute provided for the annual distribution of a certain number of bushels of corn, pounds of tobacco, yards of scarlet broadcloth one year and of blue broadcloth the next, and such other substantials and luxuries as were deemed necessary for Indian comfort and happiness. For many years these provisions were faithfully distributed in kind, but in later years the vanity of the poor Indian has succumbed to want, and the expensive broadcloth and other fancy articles are paid in value. In the summer months nearly all the young and able-bodied residents are away at the seaside, scattered all along the New England shore, at the noted summer resorts, where they pitch their tents on the beach, and drive a thriving trade in the small products of their skillful handiwork. Hence, at the time of our visit, we saw only the old patriarchs and a few children. There are some modernized and quite comfortable residences, but the larger part of the habitations are old and rudely built structures, in nearly every one of which dainty and gayly colored baskets were for sale, together with bows and arrows, miniature birch canoes, and other specimens of the Indian mechanical skill. Nearly all of our party made purchases, and the visit must have been a very acceptable one to their hosts. Most of

the Indians we met were talkative, and some of them quite intelligent. Their head chief, Joseph Etienne, was drowned in the river while rafting logs about a year ago, and the tribe are divided with regard to the succession. The old school division adhere to the lineal succession, which settles the honor upon a youthful son of the old chief, while those of more modernized ideas talk of electing a successor. Another old associate chief, named Joseph Polis, is still living. He is a stout, stalwart man, looking younger at the age of sixty-five than some men at forty. He is now one of the wealthiest of his tribe, and has a neat, two-story house for his residence. We were curious to see him, as some queer stories are told of his past history. We found him at work on a fine bark canoe, which he had nearly completed, and, inquiring for some baskets, he took us into his little store, which was very well stocked with Indian trinkets of the very best manufacture. Among the incidents of his eventful life which we gathered, were the following: In the year 1840 his house was burned, and he made a journey through the country for the purpose of obtaining money to build a new one. In the course of his tour he paid a visit to the Great Chief at Washington, President Tyler, and, while there, Tyler intrusted to his charge two large silver medallions, with an autograph letter, in which he directed that they should be given to the first and second chiefs of the tribe. Upon Joe's return, the dissensions between the old party and the new were well under way, and seeing that, if he intrusted the medals to one party, he would incur the censure and enmity of the other, he solved the problem by retaining them in his own possession, where they still remain.

This same chief, together with other dignitaries of his

tribe, was present at the dedication of the monument on Bunker Hill, when Webster made his famous speech. At the ceremonials they were seated on the platform and treated as distinguished guests, but the next day, as the old chief reluctantly told us the story, he thought he would call and pay his respects to the great white chief (Webster) at his residence. Accordingly, he went to his house quite early in the morning, and his call at the door was answered by the housemaid. He inquired for Mr. Webster, but it was before he had arisen, and he was kept a long time in waiting. Finally the woman returned with the information that Mr. Webster would soon appear, but the Indian, after waiting for some time longer, grew impatient, and, telling the housemaid that he would call again, retired. The next day he did call again, and after waiting at the door nearly as long as before, Mr. Webster, attired simply in his shirt and drawers, made his appearance, and, with a frowning face, demanded to know what was wanted. The manner and tone the Indian chief considered an insult to his dignity, and deigned no reply. The question was repeated, still no reply; when Webster placed his hand roughly upon the Indian's shoulder, with the evident intention of casting him out of doors. The chief of the Penobscots was unused to such a welcome, and, not knowing Webster's intentions, he took hold of him. It is also presumable that Webster was ignorant of the character of his visitor, for it must be borne in mind that the Indian had spoken not a word. Laboring under this mutual misunderstanding, which the Indian had too much dignity and stoicism to remove, quite a struggle ensued, in which the massive Webster proved an inferior antagonist for the muscular Indian. The ladies of the

house watched the struggle in amazement from the half-opened door which led to the apartments of the household. Finding himself fully in the chief's power, and also that the strain was causing his tender unmentionables to give way while in a very embarrassing position, he ventured an inquiry as to the Indian's intentions. A momentary truce ensued, in which the iron hold was relaxed. Webster looked for a moment at the brawny chief, turned and passed into an adjoining room, closing the door. This was the chief's last glimpse of the great statesman, and, as he strode away, he was absorbed in meditating upon the singular way in which the white chief welcomed one of the great chiefs of the red man.

After this interview our party was paddled across the river to Oldtown, in regular Indian style, in birch canoes, some with a finely developed native Indian as their pilot, and others by a true-hearted Kingfisher, who wielded the single paddle with a grace unequaled by those reared to the work.

Our stay at Bangor was rendered slightly less enjoyable than it otherwise would have been, by the mingled heat and dust which accompanied our visit thereto. Many, however, spent the time pleasantly through the kind hospitalities of some of the citizens. A large number during the day visited the scene of the then recent disaster on the Maine Central Railway, by which a portion of the train was precipitated through a bridge. As the splintered and shattered cars had not been removed from the scene of the disaster, a vivid idea of the horrible catastrophe was easily gathered.

In the evening the Germanias gave another of their fine concerts at the principal hall in the city, and it was

well attended. An entertaining meeting, enlivened with speeches, readings, and songs, was also held in the cabin in the evening. At midnight the steamer was again under way upon the return trip, and we reached Belfast, the next stopping place, about three o'clock Tuesday morning. As we left the wharf before seven o'clock, while many of the party were scarcely roused from their morning slumbers, we gathered a very meagre idea of the city, except that its location is quite pleasant. It was a most delightfully pleasant morning, and the sail down the river correspondingly charming. We halted at Rockland soon after nine o'clock in the forenoon, and nearly all went on shore for a run of an hour and a half around this city of lime. We had ample time to inhale the dust which covered the streets and had settled upon the houses in unlimited profusion. Owing to the uncomfortable warmth of the day, and to the clouds of fine dust which rose with every passing breeze, we probably did not gain as favorable an idea of the city as we might at a different time and under more auspicious circumstances. It is a city of some eight thousand inhabitants, and the business of the place is represented by about sixty lime-kilns, all in full blast, and fed by a continuous line of teams, which bring the rock from the limitless quarries. The city marshal and citizens gave us a cordial welcome, and when we left for Portland, at eleven o'clock, the music of our Germanias responded to their enthusiastic cheers. While at Rockland we were joined by the wife of our careful pilot, Captain Grant, and his accomplished daughter; the fine, clear voice and musical culture of the latter proving an agreeable addition to the pleasure of our vocal entertainment in the evening.

We reached Portland harbor about five o'clock in the afternoon, and while some went on shore for a brief period, nearly all were on board for the farewell meeting which was to take place in the evening.

While sailing along in the afternoon, a Democratic Convention was held on board, — an event which had been on the tapis for several days, and which afforded much amusement. It was presided over by Mr. Chase, the cheery-faced pedagogue from Lynn. Mr. Ives *did* the resolutions with the rhetorical consistency of a true, dyed-in-the-wool Democrat, and carrying out fully the "new departure" policy. Charles Sumner was nominated for Governor of Massachusetts; General Benjamin F. Butler for Lieutenant-governor; and Petroleum V. Nasby for Auditor of Accounts. The Convention dissolved with the belief that this was a very strong ticket.

In the evening a string band concert was given in the saloon for an hour, after which the excursionists were called together for their farewell meeting. It was a very interesting occasion, and numerous speeches were made indicative and expressive of the cordial good-will and pleasant associations which had characterized the voyage. The quartette, to whom we were indebted for so much pleasure during the trip, also favored us with some of their choicest and most appropriate selections. A committee on resolutions, of which Mr. Redpath was chairman, presented the following well-deserved testimonial to the two noble men who had worked so faithfully for the pleasure and safety of the passengers during the whole trip. The following was the full report of the committee: —

"The sub-committee on resolutions appointed by the Executive Committee of the Bay State Excursionists on

board the steamer *New Brunswick* (Captain Pike), beg leave to submit the following preamble and resolutions :—

“ *Whereas* we have visited, under the leadership of Mr. George R. Peckham, the cities and towns of Portland, Bangor, Eastport, Castine, Belfast, and Rockland, Bar Harbor of Mount Desert in Maine, and the cities of St. John and Fredericton in New Brunswick, and have everywhere had cause to congratulate ourselves alike on the cordial greetings we have had and the excellent management that has foreseen our needs and provided for our comfort,

“ *Resolved*, That our thanks are due, and are hereby heartily tendered to Mr. Peckham for his untiring and most successful efforts to increase our enjoyment of a trip that has been to all of us one of the most pleasant episodes of our lives, and we desire to put on record the hope that we shall enjoy, at another time, the benefits of his care and experience on a similar excursion.

“ *Resolved*, That our thanks are also due to Captain S. H. Pike, the commander of the *New Brunswick*, for his uniform kindness to his passengers, and his regard for their comfort ; and that when next we visit these shores we hope and expect to sail under his skillful charge.

“ *Resolved*, That while the citizens of every port we have visited have treated us with hospitality, we feel it due to the people of St. John and Fredericton to make special mention of the cordiality that characterized their fraternal greeting ; which, overlooking national distinctions and differences, met us with open hands and hearts, and was as grateful as it was unexpected ; that we hereby thank the Governor of the Province and the Mayors of Fredericton and St. John for their generous welcome to our

party, and pledge ourselves to do our utmost to reciprocate it whenever they shall do us the honor of a visit to our own homes."

These resolutions were adopted by a full and unanimous vote, and Mr. Peckham responded to them with a few appropriate remarks.

His untiring solicitude and ample provision for the comfort and pleasure of each individual endeared him to all, and the great wonder was how he could furnish so good accommodations, including a table with which all were completely satisfied, at so moderate a cost.

The kind-hearted President and Chaplain, Rev. Asa Bullard, who devotedly ministered to the spiritual needs of the excursionists, and whose uniform courtesy won for him from every heart the deepest feelings of respect and regard, was remembered in the following resolution, which was offered by Mr. Ives of Connecticut, and unanimously adopted,

"*Resolved*, That the Rev. Asa Bullard, in his double capacity as our Chaplain and President, by his indefatigable, constant, and unceasing labors in our behalf, has greatly contributed to our happiness, and that we tender to him our heartfelt thanks. Always hereafter, until the pulse of life shall cease to beat, we will recall with gratitude and pleasure the very successful manner in which he has acquitted himself as our spiritual guide over the beautiful waters, and along the rock-bound, evergreen shores of Maine and New Brunswick, as well as towards those as yet unseen, but forever unclouded shores, 'where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.' We will fondly treasure his memory upon earth, and cherish the hope that we may all meet him, at the end of life's short voyage, in heaven."

Mr. Bullard responded to this resolution with much feeling, and with words that touched the hearts of all.

Other resolutions were passed expressive of the thanks of the excursionists to the Germania Band, for their fine melodies ; to the pianist, Mr. J. A. Howard, organist of the Central Church, Boston ; to the admirable quartette, Miss L. Florence Holmes, Miss Mary A. Brackett, Mr. Thomas L. MacLaren, and Mr. Edward Herrmanson, for the finely rendered vocal selections which enlivened both day and evening during the voyage ; to Dr. W. S. Everett, for his medical attendance upon the sick ; to Mr. H. H. Lincoln, for his well appreciated elocutionary efforts ; to the steward, Mr. Henry Glazier, for the creditable manner in which he performed his duties ; and to the Executive Committee, for providing the several entertainments for the evenings and afternoons. Several of the resolutions were responded to by the parties complimented, that to the Executive Committee calling out a good speech from its chairman, Mr. Daniel B. Curtis.

The meeting was concluded about eleven o'clock, and soon after the steamer parted her moorings at Portland, and was away on her home stretch for Boston. The excursionists were tired, and almost without exception they slept soundly until the bugle call for breakfast, which sounded as we were opposite Gloucester.

Wednesday morning was not clear, but just a little cloudy and damp, and we touched Commercial Wharf and stepped out of the pleasant saloon of the *New Brunswick* into about the same dubious atmosphere with which we were enveloped the morning we had left it eight days before. The courteous custom-house officer satisfied himself that we had no contraband goods, the hearty words of farewell

were speedily said, and the members of the happy party, one of the best that ever were pleasure bound from the city of Boston, separated to their several homes and avocations. All carried with them most pleasant memories of the success of the trip, and of the agreeable acquaintances they formed among the members of the party. There is little doubt that another year a large majority will meet again for a similar trip on the wave, and renew the pleasant associations which will cluster in the memories of all who enjoyed the privileges of the "Bay State Excursion" to the New Dominion in 1871.

As some may be curious to know the distance traversed during the excursion, we append the following measurements: Boston to Portland, outward bound, 110 miles; Portland to Eastport, 185 miles; Eastport to St. John, 55 miles; St. John to Eastport, 55 miles; Eastport to Mount Desert, 75 miles; Mount Desert to Castine, 40 miles; Castine to Bangor, 40 miles; Bangor to Belfast, 40 miles; Belfast to Rockland, 30 miles; Rockland to Portland, 80 miles; Portland to Boston, 110 miles; St. John to Fredericton and return, 180 miles; making a total of just a thousand miles, excepting the trip of a dozen miles by rail and return from Bangor to Oldtown.



THE BAY STATE "KINGFISHERS."

AMONG the pleasing associations connected with our visit to Eastport Harbor, was the formation of a permanent club called the "Kingfishers." The original party was composed as follows: —

Captain.

GEORGE W. HILL.

Secretary,

C. B. TILLINGHAST.

Treasurer,

DANIEL W. ROSS.

Members,

JOHN D. PHILBROOK,	DANIEL H. FAIRBANKS,
HENRY H. DOWNING,	TYLER WATERS,
GEORGE COLEMAN,	A. R. SEARS,
JOSEPH HART,	JOHN STONE,
JOEL S. ORNE,	EDWIN F. WEBBER,
FRANK W. DEAN,	CHARLES T. WILLIAMS,
HERBERT F. MORSE.	

Thursday morning we had the good fortune to charter a stanch new yacht, manned by its cheerful skipper, Mr. George Hallett. An hour's fine sport was the result, and the three hundred pounds of cod and haddock, which we

carried to the steamer, served to furnish a fine chowder for all the excursionists. Mr. J. D. Philbrook took the honors for catching the first fish, and Mr. Daniel H. Fairbanks bore away the prize for catching the largest haddock. After disposing of their fishy prizes on board the boat, the party sailed away on a sort of exploring expedition to the neighboring island of Campo Bello, which lies about two miles distant between the harbor and the Atlantic Ocean. Although its geographical position would indicate it as a part of the United States, it nevertheless belongs to the Province of New Brunswick. It is about seven miles in length, and from three to three and a half miles in width, and is mainly the property of a Captain Robinson. It has a few houses and a number of huts for smoking herring, which is the main legitimate business carried on here. It has a few stores, where some trade in contraband goods is doubtless carried on. The scenery is delightful, and includes many romantic spots. The residents are very hospitable, and if one wishes a quiet retreat, and will forego some of the pleasures of the fashionable watering-place, he can enjoy himself hugely upon this island, away from the bustle of the crowd. At one portion of the coast of this island, where the rocks are high and almost perpendicular, there is a very curious high rock, standing out from the rest as if springing from the sea, which, from its peculiarly suggestive shape, has been named the "Old Friar;" and, although it is said to be marred by having once been used as a target for an English man-of-war, its novelty will at once attract the attention of the passing visitor. All around in this vicinity, facilities have been provided for catching the herring, which swarm in innumerable numbers hereabouts. They

are caught by means of small spiles driven into the ground where the water is from eighteen to twenty feet deep, and interwoven with a net-work of small twigs. The herring enter these inclosures at high tide, through certain apertures provided for the purpose, and are taken out with nets at low tide. The larger herring are smoked and packed for market, while the smaller ones are used as bait for catching cod and haddock. Another novelty upon this island is an immense store-house for salt, as it can be landed at this point free from duty, and American vessels can obtain supplies for their use while at sea. At the time of our visit, one large barque, which contained about nine hundred tons, or thirty thousand bushels, was being unloaded, and a peep into its capacious hold, while the workmen were engaged in filling the large steam buckets, gave one an inkling of the appearance of a salt mine. From this store-house there is doubtless a great deal of smuggling carried on by fishing and other small boats, notwithstanding the watchful vigilance of the revenue officers. There are very few fishing-boats which do not now and then carry over smuggled goods in small quantities to the American shore.

After such a delightful sail in the trim little craft, our party became enthusiastic, and proposed, with the consent of the skipper, which was cordially granted, to name it in honor of the occasion. It was accordingly christened, with all due formality by the captain, as the *Kingfisher*, and the party resolved themselves into a permanent association as the "Bay State Kingfishers." When the excursion stopped at Eastport, on the return from St. John, the party had another delightful sail in the little yacht, the skipper

having meantime caused its name to be placed on the bow and stern. During this trip the following were added to the party as —

Honorary Members,

JAMES R. PUTNAM,	ANDREW F. SWAPP,
CHARLES H. WASHBURN,	GEORGE R. PECKHAM,
CHARLES L. HUSE,	H. H. LINCOLN,
E. P. DART,	WILLIAM T. WEBSTER,
GEORGE HALLETT.	

It is hoped that the same party will have the pleasure of renewing their piscatorial pleasures under the guidance of the same warm-hearted skipper another season.





CONCLUSION.

IT would be an injustice to conclude this volume without some allusion to the kind words spoken of the excursion by the press in both nations, where the outstretched hand of welcome made us at home as soon as we set foot on shore. The daily press of Boston spoke in the most flattering terms of the character of the party, and several of the excursionists furnished letters descriptive of the pleasant sights and experiences of the voyage. Among those which have come to hand, are two spicy letters in the "Boston Daily Traveller," from the pen of Mr. James Redpath; one in the "Newburyport Daily Herald," by Mr. Charles L. Huse; one in the "Cambridge Press," by Rev. Asa Bullard, the President of the party; a good letter, written by Gen. Henry B. Pierce, and four letters in the "Boston Daily Journal," by Mr. C. B. Tillinghast, of the regular staff of that paper. All these, together with a very accurate journal of the voyage, which was kept by the Chairman of the Executive Committee, Mr. Daniel B. Curtis, have been made use of to some extent in the preparation of this narrative.

The only exception to the favorable notices of the press, was a gross attack in the columns of the "Daily Argus," a Democratic paper in Portland, which, the day after we

stopped at that port on our outward-bound voyage, contained an article reflecting upon our excellent manager, and alleging that the table was not well provided for. This created considerable indignation when it came to the ears of the excursionists, but the persistently falsifying editor followed with another article, in which he had the audacity to suggest that, if the excursionists met with better fare afterwards, it was due to the first mentioned article in his columns.

The papers at St. John gave us some good notices, from which we take the liberty of making the following extracts : —

From the St. John "Daily Telegraph."

"The Bay State excursionists, who number about two hundred and fifty, under the management of Mr. George R. Peckham, arrived here yesterday afternoon at about half-past five o'clock. . . . Quite a large number of citizens visited and made the acquaintance of the strangers, who are, so far, much pleased with the trip. Their manager, Mr. Peckham, who, it will be remembered, held the same relationship to the "Coits" for three years, is quite familiar with our coast and scenery, and has, no doubt, been able to enlighten his friends upon the subject. They all appear to be in the best humor with themselves and all about them, and express their satisfaction with the management of the excursion throughout. Most of the excursionists are mercantile men, and there are some fifty ladies. They cannot fail to enjoy the scenery which the St. John will present to them to-day, if the weather holds good, and we wish them equally pleasant experiences during their stay amongst us. . . .

"On Saturday, after the ladies and gentlemen comprising the Bay State excursion party had walked and driven about the city, they assembled on board their steamer, the *New Brunswick*, at Reed's Point Wharf. Several hundreds of our own citizens were on the wharf and amongst their American cousins on the boat, the most conspicuous of the latter being the Mayor, O. D. Wetmore, Esq., Alderman Rowan, Messrs. Andrew Cushing, Reuben Lunt, Rev. Mr. Dodd, Elder Garraty, and others, including several St. John ladies.

"Rev. Asa Bullard, of Cambridge, in a few remarks introduced Mayor Reed to his party, and the latter expressed the pleasure with which he bade them welcome, and said that, though they were about leaving, he knew he expressed the feelings of our people in saying that he hoped to see them again on a similar pleasant excursion. The Germania Band played 'God save the Queen,' and Mr. Peckham, manager of the excursion, proposed three cheers for her majesty, which were heartily given. Colonel Ives, of Connecticut, made a happy speech, indulging in some references to the social annexation of the representative people present, and, after the band played 'Yankee Doodle,' Alderman Rowan, who went into the sublime mysteries of hereditary succession, concluded by proposing three cheers for President Grant, which were followed by the 'Star Spangled Banner' by the band.

"O. D. Wetmore, Esq., was next called, and made a very sensible speech in a manner so happy that he was repeatedly applauded. 'Auld Lang Syne' was played after Mr. Wetmore concluded, and, when the St. John people who were on board were landed on the wharf, the steamer's lines were cast off, and she went down the har-

bor with those on board giving cheers, which were echoed back from the wharf amid the waving of hats, throwing of kisses, and fluttering of handkerchiefs."

From the St. John "Globe."

"At half past twelve to-day the steamer *New Brunswick* left her wharf on her homeward trip with the party of American excursionists which arrived here on Thursday afternoon. . . . They enjoyed themselves in a quiet way while here, seeing all that was worth seeing, and we hope that they will return to their homes with as good an opinion of the people of St. John as the people of St. John have of them. About half an hour before the steamer sailed to-day, Rev. Mr. Bullard, the President of the party, called his people on the forward deck, organized a meeting, and called on Mayor Reed of St. John. His Worship in a brief speech on behalf of the citizens, extended a hearty welcome to the strangers. Speeches followed by Mr. Ives of New Haven, Rev. Mr. Bullard, Alderman Rowan, and O. D. Wetmore, Esq., in which there were the usual exchange of courtesies and expressions of kindly feeling. . . . The fine Germania Band played a variety of tunes, among them the national airs of England and America, and as the steamer swung out from the wharf, and cheer answered cheer from the respective parties, 'Auld Lang Syne' was played; and our Bay State friends were gone. A large number of our citizens had assembled on the wharf to see them off."

From the St. John "Daily News."

"Yesterday afternoon about five o'clock, the steamer *New Brunswick*, Pike, master, steamed into port with

colors flying and decks covered with ladies and gentlemen forming the Bay State excursionists. A portion of the Germania Band, numbering fifteen pieces, played some excellent music as the steamer approached the wharf, closing with 'God save the Queen' as she was moored alongside the steamer *New York*, from which a large number of passengers had landed only a few minutes before. The wharves and vessels were crowded with people to greet the strangers, and long before the steamer drew in to the shore the flutter of handkerchiefs and the waving of hats were the silent but expressive tokens of good-will on both sides. As the last strains of the national anthem died away, the citizens gave a rousing cheer of welcome, which was as heartily responded to by those on board. As soon as possible the excursionists landed and scattered about the city in all directions, to see as much as possible in the short time allotted for their stay. 'The Bay State Excursionists' is the name given to a new organization formed upon similar principles to that of the 'Coits,' who have paid us two visits; and this their first excursion has been worked up and arranged by Mr. Peckham, the President of the 'Coits' last year. The present party numbers nearly two hundred and fifty, and is composed of persons from thirty or forty cities and towns of Eastern Massachusetts,—the 'Coits' largely representing towns in the central part of the State. . . . Among the excursionists are representative men in almost every department, including the pulpit, the press, law, medicine, and commerce. . . . We heartily welcome our friends from over the border, and trust that their visit will prove of so pleasant a char-

acter that they will be induced to repeat it on future occasions.

“The Bay State excursionists took their departure on Saturday. During the morning they scattered themselves about the city, seeing as much as they could in the short time allotted to them, and making purchases of such things as they needed at the various stores. At noon the loud and shrill whistle of the steamer *New Brunswick* called them back on board, and the Rev. Asa Bullard, President and Chaplain, called his party on the forward deck where they crowded together to hear the farewell addresses. The speakers were Mayor Reed, Alderman Rowan, Mr. O. D. Wetmore, and one of the excursionists named Mr. Ives. The speeches contained the usual good fellowship remarks, and those from St. John representatives were more thoroughly British in tone than speeches of the same class, with two or three exceptions, delivered under similar circumstances have been for some time past. This is well, and the improvement is to be rejoiced at. There will, hereafter, be no more buncombe got off to tickle the palate of listeners. Our American friends will hear the plain truth — will understand that we are disposed to be good neighbors, to engage in trade freely, to share our natural and acquired advantages for a fair equivalent, to encourage matrimonial alliances, as they contribute to assure peace and good-will ; but that we are not prepared to exchange our own political institutions for those of the Republic.

“At the close of the speeches, the Germania Band played a variety of patriotic airs, both English and American, concluding with ‘Auld Lang Syne.’ The fests were then cast off, and the Rev. Mr. Bullard called for thr

cheers for the city of St. John, which was responded to with a will by all on board amid a flourish by the band. Mayor Reed then called for three cheers and a 'tiger' for the Bay State excursionists, and the crowds upon the wharf accordingly gave them a rousing British cheer that must have done them good to listen to. Again cheers rose from the boat, which elicited a hearty response. As the boat swung off into the current, the band struck up a lively measure, and, amid cheers from deck and shore and a universal waving of hats and handkerchiefs, the *New Brunswick* steamed away, the final salute being three loud whistles from the boat. The visits of these large parties to our city cannot but be beneficial to our interests, making known, as it does, our position and advantages, and we shall always be ready to welcome such visitors to our shores. We believe they have thoroughly enjoyed their visits, and many expressed their determination to come again, that they may become better acquainted with our people than their short stay permitted on this occasion.

FINIS.











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